THE
NATION

DECEMBER 3, 1960 . . 25c

WHY THE 'PEACE CONGRESSMEN' LOST

Congressman Charles O. Porter

THE GOVERNOR and the BISHOPS

What Happened in Puerto Rico

Stanley Meisler

SO YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON!

Some Tips from a Political Prisoner

Chandler Davis

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LETTERS

The Linguistic Philosopher

Dear Sirs: The misunderstandings and fallacious argumentation of Messrs. Meyerhoff and Main in their review of Ernest Gellner's *Words and Things* [*The Nation,* Sept. 24] should not pass without critical comment....

Meyerhoff and Main's most serious misunderstanding stems from their misconception of what the linguistic philosopher means by ordinary usage or ordinary language. As they view him, the linguistic philosopher is seen as enshrining ordinary usage in a way which perhaps conjures up a picture of him aghast at Newton's misuse of an ordinary word like "force." Nothing could be further from the truth. Linguistic philosophers write on a wide range of sometimes recondite subjects, extending from aesthetics to the philosophy of physics, many of which employ a technical vocabulary. How can he do this if he is concerned with coddling ordinary usage? The answer is that the expression "ordinary usage" is a tricky one. For "ordinary" is usually contrasted with "technical" while "usage" is contradistinguished from "misusage." It is on the latter distinction that linguistic philosophers lay stress, and a parodic misreading of their work results when they are taken to be attacking "technical" in the name of "ordinary."

Our conception of the world is not static, and we often require technical concepts to express adequately the revolutions in our thinking. The linguistic philosopher has no quarrel to pick with the linguistic innovations necessitated by these changes. . . . What he does object to are misuses of language, whether they be in the dress of the "ordinary" or technical idiom. Misuse should not be equated with technical use; the latter is licit and serves an important function; the former all too frequently generates intellectual paradoxes with sometimes remarkable and often depressing conclusions. . . .

HERBERT HEIDELBERGER

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Owing to a mix-up in the mails, our review of *Words and Things* was not published in its final version. We had also written that Mr. Gellner, in concentrating exclusively upon a critical analysis, had failed (1) to acknowledge any positive contributions made by Linguistic Philosophy and (2) to show that there are significant differences among various groups and interests affiliated with this new movement. These and a few other matters did not appear in the review as published.

This correction, however, has nothing to do with Mr. Heidelberger's charges against us. We learn that Linguistic Philosophers are opposed to "misuses" of ordinary language because they may "generate intellectual paradoxes with sometimes remarkable and often depressing conclusions."

Now it's true that philosophy is often depressing: even Wittgenstein said, "philosophy is hell," though Mr. Heidelberger might not think so. Yet, by his own admission, the "misuse" of ordinary language may also produce "remarkable . . . conclusions." There is nothing more to say, for the cat is out of the bag. Mr. Heidelberger's own testimony confirms Mr. Gellner's critique and the general line we took in our review. For what he says, in effect, is: Let us stick to the "safe" truths enshrined in the structure of ordinary language lest, by departing from this straight and narrow path, we might possibly come up with some remarkable discoveries. It is hardly a misuse of ordinary language to say that this is a highly conservative prescription.

HANS MEYERHOFF
ALVIN N. MAIN

Second Endorsement

Dear Sirs: I am a high school librarian in a large city, predominantly Irish Catholic. For years, I have taken *The Nation,* even though I had to continually defend its inclusion in our magazine subscription list. Your articles on Catholicism, as practiced in many fields and many states, were a valuable contribution to our democratic freedom. I presume the editors approved and printed these articles on the same basis.

Whereas your endorsement of a Catholic for President in the campaign just past does not present an immediate danger, you have strengthened an institution of restriction and coercion, and an educational system, that by its indoctrination of the young, is a powerful, potential divisive force.

Between a dominant communism or Catholicism, the majority of us fear and abhor both. Naturally, I will no longer subscribe to your magazine—a small but ethical protest.

MARIE COLE

Our long-time readers know that Senator Kennedy is not the first Catholic whom we have endorsed for the Presidency. Alfred E. Smith won our support in the campaign of 1928.—Ed.

Those Two Cheers

Dear Sirs: As one who has not hesitated to criticize your editorial policy when I have thought you deserved it, I wish to congratulate you for coming through the election campaign with flying colors!

You have not tried to "kid" your subscribers that Jack Kennedy is, as yet, a proven liberal and a great leader. But you have held out some hope that he would develop. . . . At the same time, you did conclude that Kennedy was the preferable candidate. What's more to the point, you kept the issues clearly before us, and in perspective.

Again, I congratulate you.

WILLIAM H. FISHER

Las Vegas, N. M.

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The Nation, Dec. 3, 1960. Vol. 191, No. 19

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 19

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Peace Patrol

The notion that an American armada was necessary to prevent a Cuban invasion of Central America was too much for even the American press to swallow. *Newsweek* (November 28) commented: "Certainly no responsible Navy officer expected Castro's Communist-trained commandos to stage any major onslaught on any other country." *Time's* issue of the same date found no evidence of Cuban connivance, much less military participation, in either the Guatemalan or Nicaraguan rebellions. The State Department itself admitted that it had no "hard evidence"; in the light of State Department public-relations techniques, this could be abbreviated to just "no evidence." Both uprisings were essentially military *coups d'état* of the type which are the normal method of change in government in most of Latin America. In Nicaragua, the rebels were a group of cutthroats, even more virulently anti-Communist than the Somoza brothers, and scarcely likely to appeal to Castro.

Why, then, did the State Department and the President see fit to dispatch to the Caribbean a task force consisting of an aircraft carrier, five destroyers and some land-based aircraft, on a mission which, even if there were some substance to the reports of Cuban aggression, would call at most for a flotilla of PT-boats? The reason would seem to be solely political and minatory. The situation in Latin America is indeed parlous for the great American corporate interests which have billions of dollars invested there and prefer to deal with reactionary governments that, in return for their cut, can be relied on to cooperate. The trouble is that the underlying population did not get *its* cut — everything went to the political and plutocratic elites. As a result, the whole area is now on the verge of revolution. "This instability," writes E. W. Kenworthy in *The New York Times*, "is a legacy of old wrongs — of peonage, exploitation, police brutality, suppression of liberty and the postponement of economic reforms by the small ruling classes."

The ruling classes and their American colleagues being what they are, the masses are sympathetic to "Fidelismo," and small wonder. They would be sympathetic to the devil himself if he promised them a new deal. How will the dispatch of the Eisenhower armada change all this? It will not change a thing, obviously, except to alienate some of the little support we have left in the region. But a slow, negligent, conservative Administration tends to act forcefully when the troubles it has prepared for itself come upon it. Then it responds to the urge to "do something" — no matter what. While it is thus preoccupied with the drama of force, it continues to neglect opportunities to do something constructive. In El Salvador, for example, a new junta has overthrown a tyrannical regime which kept all but the ruling class in dire misery as long as it could hold on to power. The reformers complain that they have been unable to establish any contact with American representatives. They hunger for recognition, but the State Department will take no steps until "it is satisfied with the political coloration of the civilian members of the junta" (*The New York Times*, November 5). This dilatory attitude, ruinous in the past, in this instance may turn out to be desirable if it invests the coming Administration with an opportunity to pass on the credentials of the new El Salvador regime.

A Black Day—If We Are Found Out

In its November 19 issue, *The Nation* asked editorially: "Are We Training Cuban Guerrillas?" The question was based on information obtained by Dr. Ronald Hilton, Director of the Institute of Hispanic-American Studies at Stanford University, during a recent visit to Guatemala. Dr. Hilton was told that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency had acquired a large tract of land near Retahuleu which, stoutly fenced and heavily guarded, was being used as a training ground for Cuban counter-revolutionaries preparing for an invasion of Cuba. With but two exceptions, the American press paid no attention to Dr. Hilton's revelations or *The Nation's* comments. And no newspaper at all carried any reference to the following revealing incident, reported to the editors of *The Nation* by an unimpeachable source. After a speech before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco by Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Inspector General of the CIA and second-in-command to Allen W.

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Dulles, a member of the audience addressed the speaker: "Professor Hilton of Stanford University says that there is a CIA-financed base in Guatemala where plans are being made for an attack on Cuba. Professor Hilton says it will be a black day for Latin American and the United States if this takes place. Is this true?" After a long silence, Mr. Kirkpatrick replied: "It will be a black day if we are found out."

Cuba has not yet been attacked; but, in a journalistic sense, the black day is already here. As noted, the news blackout on the Kirkpatrick incident has been complete, and only the Los Angeles *Mirror* reported on Dr. Hilton's charge directly. *The New York Times* did so indirectly. In its issue of November 20, it carried a Guatemala dispatch noting an admission by President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes that a secret military base does exist at the location mentioned by Dr. Hilton, and that — according to President Ydigoras — Guatemalans are being trained there for guerrilla warfare with modern U.S. weapons and with the benefit of U.S. military consultation. Opposition deputies in the Guatemalan Congress asked for an investigation, but this request was voted down by the Administration supporters "on the ground that a debate would bring out secret military information." Ydigoras branded as "a lot of lies" reports that the trainees were preparing for an invasion of Cuba, but on the same day he called for a "Korea-type police action" by Western Hemisphere nations against Cuba and promised support for such a move if the Organization of American States would initiate it. He also sent President Eisenhower a message thanking him for his action in sending naval patrols to the Caribbean.

Clearly, then, there is no disagreement that a secret base for training guerrillas exists in Guatemala; the only disagreement is on motives and intentions — an area in which heads of state tend to favor their own side and to put the worst interpretations on the schemes of the other. As for the CIA's participation, where there is so much fire it may safely be assumed that the CIA, our chief counter-revolutionary arm, is throwing gasoline on the flames.

Moral Blindness

Primary responsibility for the disgraceful New Orleans school situation rests, not on the howling mobs of teenagers, the white mothers screaming and brawling in the streets, the guitar-playing hillbilly Governor ("You are my sunshine — ol' Jimmie"), or the demagogues from the canebrakes and bayous who make up a majority of the state legislature, but on the "moderates," the burghers, "the good people" of this, the most civilized of Southern cities. After Little Rock, the moderates knew what to expect. They had time to prepare. But what did they do? In general, they adopted a "good position" — good, that is, for twenty years ago. They announced that decisions of the Supreme Court and the lower federal courts must be respected. They said that the schools must remain open. They came out for law and order. They alerted the police. But they made no positive effort of any kind to win popular acceptance of Judge Wright's long-deferred order. The churches, the trade unions, the teachers, the press, the civic organizations, the business community were not urged to take the lead in offsetting the counter-pressures which were so clearly being mobilized by the opposition. Even in their insistence that the schools remain open, the moderates, in the main, took care to point out that they were, as individuals, opposed to integration — and thus failed to raise the moral issue to which the community might have responded: What about those four little Negro girls? What about *their* rights?

The failure is symptomatic of a basic national malady: We are confused about the nature of moral issues. On many matters, reasonable men, holding views that are in conflict, can find a middle ground. But on moral issues, there is no "moderate" position. "In contrast," as Judge William Hastie said in a recent speech in New Orleans, "half-truth is usually just as unsatisfactory as untruth. The insult of spitting on a man is not mitigated by expelling only a little saliva. The sneak thief does not reform when he stops picking pockets, except upon Saturdays. In brief, when right and wrong are involved, a compromise solution is likely to be no solution at all. . . . I never know whether the moderate on segregation is one who is half-right or half-wrong. In any event, his position is untenable. For in such a matter, half-right is still wrong and half-wrong is never right."

Let Atlanta, Birmingham, Charleston and the other Southern cities next in line study well the failure of leadership in New Orleans, where the moderates failed in turn to learn from the experience of Little Rock. As for the New Orleans moderates, let them reread Lincoln: "Let us not be diverted by — those sophistical — gropings for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who shall be neither a living man nor a dead man. . . . Neither let us be frightened from our duty by threats of dungeons for ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Hot Cargo

Nation readers will remember the articles by Grace DesChamps on the dumping of atomic wastes off Cape Cod by the AEC [Sept. 19, 1959; June 25, 1960]; as a result of the activity which the publicity aroused, the agency was forced to discontinue the practice. That situation is reviewed at length, with his usual skill and thoroughness, by E. J. Kahn, Jr., in the October 15

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New Yorker; the November 18 *Vineyard Gazette* reports a sequel which shows how right Miss DesChamps was. A Gloucester fisherman, trawling for flounder in Massachusetts Bay, hauled up from the bottom a thirty-gallon drum encased in concrete and containing "low-level radioactive materials." The drum had been lying at a depth of 275 feet in a buoyed area, but it hadn't stayed there. The fisherman turned it over to the Coast Guard, which turned it over to the AEC, which shipped it to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, for burial.

"At present," comments the *Gazette*, "there is said to be no dumping of atomic waste at sea, but this episode shows that earlier practices of the AEC were ill-advised and improper. Those of us who oppose dumping at sea, including recently aroused nations across the Atlantic, have reason on our side." Indeed they have, but it would be still better if there were less atomic waste to be disposed of. The recent death of a Brookhaven Laboratory physicist in an automobile accident is instructive, though not for the victim. His car was in a head-on collision on the Brookhaven reservation with a skidding truck carrying fifteen tons of atomic wastes to Oak Ridge. The drums were well protected and remained intact — but suppose the collision had involved another truck, or a train? Those in the vicinity might wish atomic energy had never been invented.

The Last Victory

Whenever the Western bloc wins a vote in the U.N., there is loud rejoicing among American editorial writers and news broadcasters on the premise that the United States has won a great victory. The latest of these triumphs is the seating of President Joseph Kasavubu as the representative of the Congo Republic (Leopoldville) by a vote of 53 to 24, with 19 abstentions. No single victory of this type is a Pyrrhic one, but a succession of them, indefinitely prolonged, may finally undo the U.N. The record in this case is that the Belgians, when things got hot in their colony, pulled out hastily in the hope that they would ultimately be called back to fill the resulting vacuum. To facilitate this resurrection, they wished to install Mr. Kasavubu as Premier, but this maneuver was so transparent that it failed. The Soviet bloc used the successful candidate, Patrice Lumumba, to thwart the Belgian scheme and further Soviet interests in Africa. This scheme also failed with the ouster of Lumumba's allies by Colonel Mobutu, lovingly referred to by the American radio as the "Congo strong man" even though he cannot control his own army. With American support for Kasavubu, the U.N. intervention in the Congo is headed for early failure and the Belgians have a very good chance of getting back their colony behind a façade of independence and with the cooperation of an African elite headed by Moise Tshombe or someone like him.

Such an outcome will leave the U.N. discredited and bankrupt. Financially, the United States may come to the U.N.'s rescue, but it cannot restore the world organization's prestige. Most of the uncommitted nations will recognize American and Soviet intransigence as the cause of the U.N.'s difficulties in the Congo, but the greater guilt will fall on the United States, because it will have won all the victories. On this reasoning, the ultimate victory would be the expulsion of the Soviet bloc, or its withdrawal at some stage to form its own U.N. The neutrals would then have the choice of joining one of the two half-world organizations, or both. The United States would doubtless proceed to expel any U.S.-U.N. member who joined the USSR-U.N., American victories would continue to pile up, and the American commentators would continue to rejoice until the Eastern and Western U.N.s engaged in a nuclear war to decide which was the legitimate world organization and which the illegitimate. But by that time, of course, what would it matter?

Why the 'Peace Congressmen' Lost . . . *by Charles O. Porter*

A CONGRESSMAN'S strivings for peace are hard to get across to his constituents and easy for his opponent to distort.

Perhaps this explains why I was defeated on November 8 along with other militant "peace Congressmen" like Bill Meyer of Vermont, Byron Johnson of Colorado, Len Wolf of Iowa, George A. Kasem of California and Roy Weir of Minnesota, all Democrats. The only appeal from a free and honest election is the next one, but post mortems are permitted if the proper sportsmanlike attitude is maintained. After the tennis match, the loser leaps the net and congratulates the victor even though he might rather wrap the racket around his opponent's neck.

Post mortems of elections bore, even irritate, most people. The election is over: why argue now? I agree with this attitude and will not attempt to argue, but only to analyze why my activities for peace led my

CHARLES O. PORTER, an Oregon attorney with a record of four years' active military duty in World War II, represented the Fourth District of Oregon in the 85th and 86th Congresses.

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opponent to say just after the election that I defeated myself. The votes were against me, not for him.

My Republican opponent, Dr. Edwin C. Durno of Medford, defeated me by fewer than 4,000 votes out of the 180,000 votes cast. A one per cent shift in my direction would have changed the result. However, out of 200,000 registered voters the Democrats in the Congressional district had a 27,000 lead over the Republicans.

Moreover, I had been in office four years and was well known. Dr. Durno had served but one session (1959) in the state senate. I had won in 1958 by more than 6 per cent of the vote. Fourth District voters gave majorities both to me and Eisenhower in 1956 and to me and Republican Governor Hatfield in 1958—and this year they voted for Nixon over Kennedy by a much larger margin than Durno won over me.

HOW DID Durno do it? What happened that a relatively unknown state senator from the "down state" end of the district could upset a two-term incumbent, the first Democrat to represent that area of Oregon in seventy-five years?

Durno told *U. S. News and World Report* (November 21):

> The chief issue in this district was the incumbent's attitude on Cuba and Red China, plus his trips to Cyrus Eaton's so-called peace conferences at Eaton's expense, plus his neglect of district needs.

This is in line with the theme of his campaign that I supported Castro, Red China and appeasement of Communist aggressors. The "neglect of district needs" is an afterthought and never became a real issue.

Durno's own recommendations for foreign policy were as vague as his domestic program. "Our foreign policy," he stated in his campaign brochure, "should be strong and positive." Domestically he came out forthrightly for reducing taxes, cutting waste and balancing the budget.

The strategy of his campaign was to turn the immense publicity I had received with respect to my criticisms of the Eisenhower foreign policies into evidence that I had strayed away from my proper Congressional duties and had endangered our national security through reckless, possibly disloyal, actions.

As usual, my opposition had $2 for every $1 in my campaign fund; and, of the nine dailies circulated in southwestern Oregon, only two supported me. None of this was new, but the cynical distortion of my foreign-policy position went far beyond previous campaigns. Newspapers, especially my home-town daily, the Eugene *Register-Guard*, failed to blow the whistle and ask for a penalty on the smears of my opponent.

MY criticisms of the Eisenhower foreign policy have fallen into three main categories: Dictatorships, China and Disarmament. Ever since my constituent, Gerry Murphy, was murdered by Trujillo late in 1956, I have tried to persuade the Administration to stop treating dictators as though they were respectable and worthy of our friendship.

Ever since I first ran for Congress in 1954, I have advocated increased communication with China, not as any kind of concession but in the interests of trying to avert war and making disarmament-with-safeguards possible.

Finally, I have been convinced that the Administration has talked about the urgency of disarmament, but has done far too little. For example, fewer than forty persons have been working on disarmament in the Department of State.

When Durno's campaign people presented these policies, here is what my constituents were told over and over: Porter likes Castro—the dictatorial and pro-Communist Castro. Porter wants to be friendly with Mao. Porter wants to appease Communist aggressors.

These outrageous propositions could be made plausible for some, perhaps enough, voters. At one time, along with many others, I did encourage Castro. I do believe in increasing communication with China and I do believe in attempting further negotiations with the Communist governments.

"Why does Porter encourage Castro?" was the black-type headline on a Durno advertisement that appeared in every district newspaper about two weeks before the election. The text referred to my "blessing of Communist Cuba." Durno, in answer to my objection, claimed that his advertising agency made a mistake in the tense. It should have read, he said, "Why *did* Porter encourage Castro?"

Encouraging Castro when he is a dictator and a pro-Communist is, I submit, rather different from having encouraged him when he was permitting freedom of press and speech and promising free elections. Needless to say, Durno's correction never caught up with the mistake.

Instead, his campaign went on saying the same thing. Another advertisement used throughout the district read, "Foreign policy and national defense are problems not solved by coddling Castro or Red China. I'll fight for a strong but diplomatic foreign policy to safeguard Oregon families."

His many TV talks, radio spots and public speeches emphasized the same theme: Porter is soft on communism. Sometimes he would also say that he didn't question my loyalty or good intentions.

TYPICAL of his assertions with respect to China are those published in the Scio *Tribune*, November 3, 1960:

> My opponent, Porter, has supported Communist China all the way from outright recognition to admission to the United Nations, to the engagement in trade. He has suggested trading our steel and machinery for their apricot kernels, tang oil and hog bristles.

In a Eugene radio program, Durno stated that he agreed with the recommendations of the Conlon Report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. So do I. The report proposed increased communication. Yet Durno continued to allege that I "supported" Red China. He failed to disclose that I had always wanted trade on the same basis that we trade with the Soviet Union; that is, with lists established by our highest military authorities.

Durno's chairman in my home county, the Mayor of Eugene, made

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a radio tape for him which was widely used, asserting that I was responsible for communism encroaching to within ninety miles from Florida, and that I wanted to shake hands with Mao.

Durno called me an "appeaser" because I attended two world law conferences and three disarmament meetings in Europe. He never discussed any of the circumstances, except that Cyrus Eaton, Cleveland industrialist and initial sponsor of the Pugwash conferences, paid my expenses to the disarmament meetings.

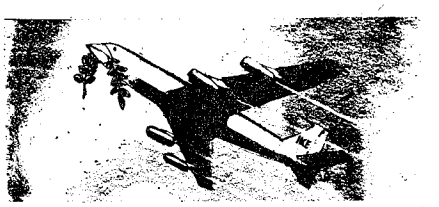
In his above-quoted statement to *U. S. News and World Report*, Durno refers to these meetings as "Eaton's so-called peace conferences." The fact is that Eaton did not sponsor them, nor was he at any of them. Eighteen nations from both sides of the Iron Curtain were represented at the first meeting. Eaton believed, as I did, that the United States ought to have some voices there. Eaton never suggested what I should do or think, yet Durno asserted loudly I was his "stooge." I first met Eaton in July at the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles, where his wife was a delegate from Ohio. He himself is an old-guard Republican.

IF YOU assume, as I hope you will, that Durno was wrong and malicious in saying that I encouraged Castro after the Cuban leader turned from democracy toward communism, that I want to be friendly with Red China's leaders and that I want to appease Communist aggressors, then you must wonder how my opponent was able to get away with such smears and misrepresentations.

I think I know why this kind of campaign was successful. In the first place, foreign-policy issues are complex and remote from the experience of the average voter. Emotions are easily aroused when one's country and personal security are involved. It is easier to be negative and vague than it is to be positive and specific. It is easier to arouse an "against" vote than a "for" vote.

Secondly, many voters probably didn't buy the smear part of Durno's charges, but they did agree that I had been very active in an area where they thought a Congressman didn't belong.

Thirdly, the newspapers, except for two out of nine dailies and four out of twenty-six weeklies, were, generally, after my political scalp and didn't care how they got it. My home-town paper, the *Register-Guard*, editorially referred to my "espousal of the cause of Red China." In 1958 the *Guard* endorsed me because my Republican opponent resorted to smear tactics—tactics that were feeble and mild compared to the Durno campaign. The Portland *Oregonian*, in an editorial, even called me "hyperkinetic" and then refused to print my letter in reply. Our news releases in the last two weeks, when we were beginning to make headway, were largely ignored by all the newspapers except the Medford *Mail-Tribune* and the Coos *Bay World*, the two that strongly supported me. It is significant to note that I came within a few hundred votes of winning in Jackson County, the home county of my opponent, which is the area served by the *Mail-Tribune*. I won Coos County, the home of the *World*, by almost 5,000 votes.



Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Mouthful

Fourthly, there was Durno's two-to-one edge in money plus the fact that he obtained it early enough so he could start his TV talks many weeks prior to Election Day. We spent about $21,000, far more than I'd ever had for previous campaigns. We scheduled all our TV for the last two weeks because of the tremendous cost. The usually reliable Waterhouse poll showed me behind Durno by 7 per cent three weeks before Election Day. By hard work, we cut that to less than 2 per cent, but we could not overcome the lead his money and methods had established earlier.

Finally, one of Durno's campaign managers went on the two TV stations in the closing days of the campaign and accused me of encouraging foreign imports of hardwood plywood and not caring if our plywood industry went bankrupt. It cost me many votes, even though all labor organizations strongly supported me and no plywood producer in my district, including the man making the speech, had given me or the Tariff Commission any evidence that foreign imports were responsible for the low market price of plywood.

Why did this attack work? The speaker was a former district attorney and circuit judge, an effective speaker, well known in the two counties where he proved effective. My interest in foreign policy and my speeches on plywood in 1958 were facts on which he could build his case. Most important, many plywood and lumber mills were shut down or working part time and the Japanese were a likely scapegoat. I had not money or time to go on TV in the southern part of the state, so his attack went entirely unanswered there.

The result was that I lost two counties by more than 5,000 votes even though both had Democratic registration majorities.

OR AT LEAST that is the way I figure it. Who really knows why 92,047 votes went to Durno and 88,661 votes went to me? Nobody does for sure. I do know that my positive and active role in foreign affairs made me vulnerable for the kind of campaign that was waged against me.

Does this mean that I regret these activities? No, not at all. I never did subscribe to the oft-repeated statement that the first duty of a Congressman is to be re-elected. I think the first duty of a Congressman is to use his office as best he can to advance policies which he believes are important for the welfare of his constituents and his nation.

Incredibly powerful weapons are cocked and ready to destroy millions of people, perhaps all mankind. We are engaged in a gigantic struggle with the Soviet Union. Many new and some old nations in Asia, Africa and South America are desperately

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trying to raise their standard of living. It seems clear that the role of a Congressman in foreign affairs today must be positive and active.

I know that many of my constituents emphatically agree and that, in the measure that I was able to reach them, more were coming around to that point of view. I had many hard-working friends, but not enough. Fear must be fought with reason and truth. Fear of the Vatican and the Kremlin were widespread in Oregon and elsewhere during the campaign. Fear can lead voters to vote against their own party's candidate.

If I'm right and not just soreheaded over losing, what can be done? Education is necessary, so that more voters will appreciate the obligation of a Congressman to concern himself personally with peace and freedom. Restriction of campaign expenditures, or at least making the main channels of communication more evenly available to both sides, would also help.

We Congressmen who found that our peace policies defeated us on Election Day have no regrets. We did what we thought was right and on another Election Day, perhaps in 1962, we may give the voters a chance again to judge our qualifications to serve.

New Frontier: THE PEACE CORPS . . *by Alan C. Elms*

Princeton, N. J.

> That is the size of the problem. An immense capital outlay, an immense investment in men, both scientists and linguists, most of whom the West does not yet possess.
> —C. P. Snow, *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*

THE PROBLEM qualifies as the world's biggest—how to lift the poor nations of the earth into the lower middle class. On November 11, slightly over a hundred people marched into the economy-sized temple of Princeton University's Whig Hall, figuring they might begin to answer the problem. Hardly an idealist was among them, somewhat to the trepidation of the adult half of the group—and to the quiet satisfaction of the student half. Twenty-four hours later they marched away again with the beginning of the answer: massive support by federal and private agencies, and a massive pool of scientists, linguists, teachers and farmers and plumbers, all of them draft-age youths and all of them united in a U. S. Peace Corps.

The Princeton conference, titled in full "The Conference to Discuss the Challenge to American Youth from the World's Emerging Nations," was sponsored and arranged by the Whig-Cliosophic Society, Princeton's distinguished literary-political-debating society (heretofore known as The ------s Who Invited Alger Hiss to Princeton). Direction was mostly in the hands of Dr. Thomas Melady, a professional consultant on African affairs and one-time economic adviser to Haile Selassie. The adults represented everything from the Institute for International Education to Kiwanis International and Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft. The students, a third of them women, were mostly from the elite Eastern colleges. Jack Kennedy hairdos outnumbered beards ten to one.

The conference had been assured of some degree of success three days earlier, with the election of the man who had built the Peace Corps into his personal platform. Nixon, shooting from somewhere below the hip, had called the Corps "a refuge for draft dodgers"; the conference joke was that where Franklin Roosevelt had his CCC, Jack Kennedy would have the DDD—Draft Dodgers' Delight.

KENNEDY'S campaign statements were the culmination of another campaign, which had reached its peak earlier in 1960. In January, Congressman Henry Reuss of Milwaukee and the late Senator Neuberger of Oregon had introduced legislation (later passed as a rider to the Mutual Security Act) appropriating $10,000 to study the feasibility of a "draft-pay, draft-duration, draft-tough" alternative to Selective Service, christened the Point Four Youth Corps. The idea quickly gained the support of the National Student Association, as well as individual campus groups and hundreds of letter-writers.

In June, Hubert Humphrey introduced Senate Bill No. 3675, knowing it was too late for passage in that session but hoping it would be discussed and studied before the 87th Congress convened. The bill provided for the immediate establishment of a United States Peace Corps

> to develop a genuine people-to-people program in which talented and dedicated young American men will teach basic agricultural and industrial techniques, literacy, the English language and other school subjects, and sanitation and health procedures in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

Humphrey felt sufficient evidence existed to justify creating a pilot program of 500 Peace Corps members, which might grow to 5,000 within four years, and to even greater numbers if the program proved sufficiently successful to gain further Congressional authorization.

Details of the Humphrey bill helped shape the course of the Princeton conference. Peace Corps members would be at least 21½ years old; would be "highly qualified in a particular skill"; must also be enthusiastic, dedicated, adaptable, healthy and mature — emotionally, intellectually and politically. Term of service would be three years, of which the first six months would involve orientation in the United States, the second six months orientation in the

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field. Orientation would include a firm grounding in "American public policy and contemporary thought," as well as in "the language and conditions of the country involved." The Peace Corps would operate independently of, but in close conjunction with, the State Department, the USIA and the International Cooperation Administration; older, more experienced group leaders would accompany youth teams into the field. Three years in the Peace Corps would fulfill active peacetime military obligations, but participants would be subject to Reserve requirements and wartime service. Salary would be equivalent to that of enlisted rank. Dismissal would result in active military service.

THE conference was by no means designed to rubber-stamp the Humphrey proposal. Dr. Melady had his own plan, which differed mainly in its insistence on private direction and private support, turning to the government for transportation costs and for classification of Peace Corps service as an acceptable equivalent to draft duty. Several student conferees, who had leaped to the conclusion that the conference was actually weighted to bless Melady's pro-private-enterprise proposal, initiated a midnight meeting in which proponents of federal responsibility had their say. The second full-fledged speech of the conference, in which American Metals Climax's F. Taylor Ostrander apologized for business and urged full support for a mammoth government program, wasn't quite enough to head off the secret meeting; but class war was prevented.

As the conference developed, nobody ever became sure just what its purpose really *was*. The adults were mostly educators, foundation people and businessmen with special interests in Africa; they were there to provide "expertise." The intended purpose of student participation seemed to be either to provide youthful inspiration for the adults, or else to provide a youthful audience for the adults to inspire. Sir Hugh Taylor, president of the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation, keynoted the affair by summoning images of challenge, sacrifice and the Children's Crusade. The students thought the speech worthy, but felt they were sufficiently inspired already. They spent the rest of the evening trying to get hold of the expertise which would insure the Peace Corps of somewhat more success than the Children's Crusade.

The conference followed the normal course of conferences, from individual clarity to mass confusion. A Boston College youth wanted the Peace Corps to fight communism; a gray-haired Negro was applauded for insisting that the program would do more than that, it would actually *help people*; Mr. Ostrander suggested that Kennedy invite Rockefeller to head a Peace Corps Administration, which would send 25,000 youths to Africa bearing arm-bands and enthusiasm. A Howard University professor called on the conference experts to draft a detailed bill for inclusion in the great program of the first Hundred Days; a man from Westinghouse International declaimed, "We have a saying in big business: 'Do it now and worry about the paperwork later.'" The students hunted through the audience for a Mr. Greer from Senator Humphrey's office and a Miss Armstrong from Senator Kennedy's office.

THE experts began to get down to business the next morning, outlining some of the needs of Africa and pointing out how American youth could or could not answer the needs. The AFL-CIO's Harry Pollak observed that needs weren't restricted to Africa, and that draft-age youth weren't restricted to college graduates. Another hard-headed forty-year-old dreamed of encampments of half a dozen to 2,000 youths, set down next to an African village and told to *do* something. After that, somebody started trying to introduce resolutions, and the conference almost expired; but by that time the students had cornered Winifred Armstrong, the lady from the Kennedy staff, whose smile was brighter than Kennedy's and whose brain was quite as sharp. Satisfied that Jack was on the way, the young people joined with the adults in setting up a standing committee which might help pave his way.

The committee itself, designed to channel information and ideas about the Peace Corps both into President-elect Kennedy's office and onto American campuses, is no mean accomplishment for a weekend conference. More significant are the recommendations, facts and concepts which evolved from the often-chaotic discussion. The major ones are these:

1. The need is there. Statistics on poverty and illiteracy and disease were quoted frequently for their inspirational value, but they are real. In one area alone, Haile Selassie recently estimated that Africa needs at least 345,000 additional teachers *now* to provide a decent primary-school education for African children.

2. American youth can help fill it. Programs ranging from Crossroads Africa to the contractual agreement between International Voluntary Services and ICA have placed young people in the world's underdeveloped areas to work, and their success can be described, mildly, as phenomenal. There are difficulties in placing youth in such demanding positions — the strain of their advent into tightly organized school systems and union shops, for instance—but the difficulties are far outweighed by the gigantic need for their services. An intensive orientation program will insure that they do not enter the scene unprepared.

3. The area of action is a broad one. Asia is as needy as Africa, and Latin America differs only in the needs which must be filled. Americans are needed now to *act,* in schools and on farms and in factories and offices. They are also needed to *train* native students to be teachers and secretaries and carpenters long after the Peace Corps will have been forgotten.

4. Only federal government aid and direction can meet the challenge. This approach is dictated not only by the necessity for negotiations with foreign governments in the placement and support of Youth Corps members. To be effective in a world of two billion people, the program must be far larger than the few hundred youths that private organizations could support. But it cannot and will not be an exclusively governmental program; Miss Armstrong

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made that clear. "I refuse to accept the I-you dichotomy," she said to a group of students who wanted to know what "you"—the new Administration—was going to do. Speaking unofficially, she fervently advocated a unified push on all fronts—the federal government, she said, could appropriate money from here to doomsday and the Peace Corps would still fall flat on its face without the support, advice and intimate cooperation of universities, private groups experienced in the area, and the nation's youth. A long-term foreign-aid program will be a concurrent necessity; participation by European governments or the United Nations could come later.

5. Draft-equivalent status for the Corps is essential. Even the most starry-eyed youth would find it difficult to pledge his life to the Peace Corps for three years and then return to the United States to be drafted into the Army for another two years. Draft-equivalent status would be in no sense an evasion or an exemption from the draft; three years of service in the African bush or the slums of South America couldn't be called goldbricking by anyone, even a post-campaign Dick Nixon. The program at its height would probably never reach proportions great enough to decrease the current Armed Forces levels significantly, since even now a goodly percentage of eligible youth are never drafted. And the Peace Corps would not become a monopoly of the privileged: the need for blue-collar workers and young farmers is fully as great as for teachers and engineers.

6. The program will provide a large measure of the imagination our foreign policy needs in years to come. The military services are a holding operation, a necessary means for securing the continued existence of the free world. The Peace Corps will be one means of moving the free world ahead within that secure framework. Failures in past U. S. foreign policy may at first impede the success of the Peace Corps; but the success of the Peace Corps should change the world's image of the United States immeasurably. Of the thousands of youths who serve in the world's emerging nations, many hundreds may in the future come to form and direct our foreign policy—and all of them will help shape America's image of the world.

DOUBTS have arisen, since the Democratic Convention in July, about where the New Frontier really is, and whether America is prepared to meet its demands even if it is found. The Princeton conference established that its boundaries are measured largely in terms of Asia, Africa and Latin America; and that thousands of American youth are ready to answer its demands in the name of peace.

THE GOVERNOR and the BISHOPS . . *Stanley Meisler*

LUIS MUNOZ MARIN, Puerto Rico's first elected Governor, remains in *La Fortaleza*. He sits in the Governor's Palace, confident and pleased, for the *jibaros* of the mountains and countryside, in overwhelming numbers, have defied their Roman Catholic bishops to elect him to a fourth term. But, while confident and pleased, he also is uneasy. Despite his victory, a threat lingers, perhaps not to his power, but (more important) to the political stability of Puerto Rico. And, while the threat evolves primarily from clericalism, part of the threat also stems from Muñoz Marín himself.

During the campaign, the flare-up over the tactics of the bishops, who issued two pastoral letters forbidding Catholics to vote for Muñoz Marín, obscured some of the political problems of Puerto Rico—the very problems that set the climate for the letters. The Governor's rout of the new Christian Action Party, a creature of the bishops, tended to fill his supporters, particularly abroad, with a heady optimism, blinding them to the dangers still enveloping democracy on the island.

In recent years, admirers of the sixty-two-year-old Muñoz Marín have fretted over the future of Puerto Rico once he passes from the scene. The Popular Democratic Party has a strangle hold on island politics, and Muñoz Marín has a strangle hold on the Popular Democratic Party. The dynamic, New Dealish Governor, in fact, is the political whole of Puerto Rico. He represents one-man rule by true democratic consent.

Twelve years after he first came to power, public servants still rush about excited with purpose. Without the idols of Trujillo and the screeching nationalism of Castro, Muñoz Marín evokes a sense of vitality and reverence reminiscent of Franklin Roosevelt. Under the Governor's care, Puerto Rico has raised its per capita income to the second highest in Latin America, cut its death rate to the point where life expectancy surpasses that of the United States, and instituted projects of community education, land reform and small-industry development that have become models for the underdeveloped nations of the world. The program has won such gratitude from the people that Muñoz Marín, a determined democrat, looks on his many one-sided victories with some misgivings.

Puerto Rico lacks two political elements needed to insure future stability: the training of young, vigorous successors to Muñoz Marín, and a meaningful opposition. Before this year's campaign, a Puerto Rican who approved of the island's unique commonwealth status, but rejected the Governor's economic theories, had one poor alternative. He could oppose the Popular Demo-

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STANLEY MEISLER, a Washington, D.C. newspaper man, recently visited Puerto Rico.

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cratic Party only by casting his lot with weak parties that existed solely to cry for independence or statehood.

SOME political analysts often suggest a solution to the dilemma: if Muñoz Marín were to distribute power within the Popular Democratic Party to a few young associates, these men, after succeeding him, might split the party into halves vying intelligently for island leadership. At least on paper, Muñoz Marín moved in that direction last August. He announced a plan for decentralized control over the party apparatus. But his move came after the rise of clericalism. The Christian Action Party already had been launched, giving voters a new alternative. Instead of choosing solely between commonwealth and non-commonwealth status, they now could also choose between Catholicism and Muñozmarínism.

The Catholic group burst into Puerto Rico's political line-up last June without warning. It was nourished, however, on the long-standing resentment by Catholic prelates of their lot on the island. While more than 80 per cent of the islanders are nominally Catholic, only 25 per cent practice their religion, and there is a more vital Protestant movement within the country than in most Latin areas. Since the acquisition of the island by the United States, the hierarchy has lost its hold on education; less than 10 per cent of the children attend parochial school.

The priests, mostly natives of the United States, have tended to blame U.S. policy for their problems. They have complained, for example, that Washington almost always appointed Protestant education officials during the years the island was a possession. Brooklyn-born Bishop James McManus of Ponce, the chief force behind the pastoral letters, wrote long before the campaign:

> Puerto Rico is a Catholic people that is the victim of a group of officials who, abusing their power and the public funds, have undertaken to destroy the beliefs of the inhabitants. . . . United States policy has aimed from the beginning to destroy the philosophy and religious traditions of Puerto Rico. For this, it merits no other name than that of the spiritual killer of that nation.

In the view of Catholic leaders, the situation grew no better when Puerto Rico became a commonwealth and control over domestic affairs passed from the United States to the island itself. Muñoz Marín quietly continued birth control and sterilization programs and cooperation with private researchers on the use of oral contraceptives. In education, he guarded the public schools against any influence by the Church. One of his education policies, in fact, triggered the formation of the Christian Action Party. This was last spring, when he and his Popular Democratic Party opposed a legislative proposal of the Church that would have authorized students to take time off for religious instruction. After the bill failed, an angry Archbishop James P. Davis told a rally of more than 65,000 that Catholics now were free to organize a party. A group of Catholic laymen, supported by Bishop McManus, set to work.

Luis Muñoz Marín

FEW observers expected the new party (its banner is a rosary without a cross) to collect the 70,000 signatures needed to put its candidates on the ballot this year. But equally few observers counted on the intensity of the Church's support. Leaflets beseeching, "Catholics, help register your party! God before Caesar. The moral law before political convenience," were distributed in the churches. Bishop McManus told an assembly of lay leaders in the Church of Santa Maria Reina in Ponce that the formation of the Christian Action Party "was the logical step forced on Christians who live in a society that is being dechristianized." He and Archbishop Davis wrote a pastoral letter urging the party's registration. At first, Bishop McManus said Catholics were not conscience-bound to register the party, but, as priests campaigned from their pulpits, the line between persuasion and injunction grew blurred. In three months, the party collected 82,000 signatures. The *San Juan Star* called the feat "a major victory and a minor miracle." "The Catholic Church is no longer on the defensive," said Archbishop Davis later. "It goes out to meet the foe."

But the Church moved out too far and, with its sensational pastoral letters, forfeited the victory and the miracle. In their first letter, on October 18, Archbishop Davis, Bishop McManus and Bishop Luis Aponte Martinez focused on a complex theological issue to attack Muñoz Marín. The Popular Democratic Party, disturbed over the clericalism represented by the Christian Action Party, had inserted this paragraph into its 1960 platform:

> The democratic philosophy of our party implies that only those acts which the general consensus of Puerto Ricans considers immoral, such as murder, theft, perjury, etc., can be prohibited with punishment. But it is not licit under the rule of liberty to prohibit with punishment those acts which a respectable part of public opinion does not regard as immoral.

The Popular Party clearly meant that if a respectable part of the population, such as the Protestant minority or the huge body of non-practicing Catholics, considered birth control moral, the government had no right to prohibit it. But the bishops looked deeply into the philosophy of the paragraph and found heresy there. "It is evident from the quotation," they said, "that the Popular Party's philosophy is anti-Christian and anti-Catholic; and that it is based on the modern heresy that the popular will, not divine law, decides what is moral and immoral. This philosophy destroys the Ten Com-

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mandments and allows them to be replaced by a human, popular criterion." Disclaiming any intention to impose Catholic morality on the government, the bishops concluded, "It is certainly our duty to prohibit Catholics to give their votes to a party which, denying Christian morality, accepts the morality of 'the rule of liberty.'"

Some confusion arose over whether a Catholic could ignore the bishops without committing a sin; but, in their second pastoral letter, four days later, the bishops whisked away the confusion. They declared that any Catholic who voted for Muñoz Marín would commit a sin for disobeying God, the bishops and his own convictions.

THE pastoral letters crippled the cause of their authors. Puerto Ricans bristled at what they saw as a threat to their liberty, and Muñoz Marín met the challenge by campaigning harder than he has since his first election. He told his people:

> We cannot permit the error of three wrong bishops to take away our religion, our party and our democracy. I am speaking with pain in me, because if you allow religion into politics, a grave tragedy will happen in Puerto Rico. . . .
>
> No one can command you on how to vote. No one — not the bishops, the clergy, nor myself. The right to vote must be free. If one man, or three bishops, can command you how to vote — that will be the end of liberty.

On November 8, Puerto Ricans proved that no one could command them how to vote. Muñoz Marín received 456,317 votes, 58 per cent of Puerto Rico's 780,073 ballots. This represented a drop in popularity from 1956, when he had 62 per cent of the vote, but the decrease could be attributed to the natural attrition of support for a leader so long in power and to the growing strength of the Statehood Republican Party. That party's candidate for governor, Luis Ferré, had 250,638 votes, or 32 per cent of the total, a jump from his party's 24 per cent four years ago.

The Christian Action Party limped far behind. Its candidate, Dr. Salvador Perea, received 51,072 votes, or 6.5 per cent of the total. This meager output underscored the poor judgment of the bishops, for it was 30,000 fewer than the number of voters who signed petitions to register the party before the pastoral letters were issued. The fourth candidate, Julio García Díaz of the Independence Party, polled 24,047 votes, or 3 per cent of the total. Both the Christian Action Party and the Independence Party, by failing to capture 10 per cent of the total vote, lost their political status and will have to petition as new parties if they want a place on the ballot in 1964.

Despite its humiliating defeat, the Church is unlikely to retire from politics. After the election, Dr. Perea said the Christian Action Party was only beginning: "The house of God," he said, "never dies." There have been rumors that the Christian Action Party will merge with the Statehood Republican Party. In past campaigns, Bishop McManus, a friend of Ferré, has backed the Statehood Party and during the 1960 campaign, Ferré embraced the sentiment of the pastoral letters.

The platform of a merged Statehood-Catholic party would read as if the issues facing Puerto Rico involved the commonwealth and the Church and nothing else. This is, of course, absurd — dangerously so. The Statehood Party, allied with the Republicans on the mainland, cries statehood but its real message is a basic opposition to the liberalism of Muñoz Marín. And there is little doubt that the Christian Action Party attracts many Puerto Ricans who disagree with Muñoz Marín on issues much broader than birth control and released time for religious instruction. Should Muñoz Marín leave a weak, leaderless, splintering Popular Democratic Party when he retires, an extremely conservative Statehood-Catholic Party could emerge as the country's dominant political power.

A troubled Muñoz Marín has tried to prevent this eventuality. Last August, he announced certain internal party reforms. A "presidential committee" of seven, instead of a single leader, now runs the Popular Democratic Party. This committee, which has a rotating chairman, is selected periodically by a large central council of party leaders, legislators and members of the Popular Youth movement. It is not quite certain now how this structure will operate in the future. For the present, with Muñoz Marín as a member of the committee, there is no doubt that the party continues to be his. "The fact is," A. W. Maldonado of the *San Juan Star* has written, "that Muñoz will continue to lead the party — no matter what his title. . . . Although pushes and pulls for control of the party increase as the leader gets older, all members will continue to consider their leader, as long as he lives, as — in their words — 'a great man of the Americas.'"

Puerto Rico sorely needs an opposition to engage Muñoz Marín's ruling party in an intelligent dialogue on the real problems of the island.

Earl Parker Hanson wrote in *Puerto Rico: Land of Wonders* (1960):

> In the troublesome dichotomy between more jobs and greater efficiency, between more employment and higher wages for fewer workers, between wider distribution of the land and its more efficient use, lies *the* great problem of modern Puerto Rico. . . .
>
> The time may come when a rising political leader wants to give a stevedore the chance to cast a vote against the Popular Democratic Party, in protest over the modernization of seaports, without also apparently voting for either statehood or independence, neither of which he may want.

If the reforms of Muñoz Marín work, such an opposition will emerge from the Popular Democratic Party itself. But the Christian Action Party, even merged with the Statehood Republican Party, would be of little use to Puerto Rico. Besides endangering democracy on an island living under the American Constitution's principle of separation of church and state, the Church-sponsored party troubled the voter this year with the false issue of anti-Catholicism, diverting his attention from the real problems of his country. A democracy must have better service from its parties.

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SO YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON!. . . by Chandler Davis

The writer, who calls himself "a mathematician by profession and by avocation a citizen and a heretic," recently completed a six-month prison term for having refused to testify about his political beliefs and associations before the House Un-American Activities Committee. He pleaded the First Amendment. He has taught mathematics at the University of Michigan, Columbia University and elsewhere, and spent a year at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, N.J. He is now associate editor of Mathematical Reviews, *a publication of the American Mathematical Society. He wrote the following at the request of* The Nation.

SO YOU'RE going to prison? Let me help plan your trip.

Whether you were busted for objecting to the draft, for demonstrating against nuclear arms, for sitting at a lunch counter, or (like me) for rejecting the authority of the Un-American Activities Committee — forget it. Or at least don't let it prey on your mind. While you're locked up, your main concern is to keep cool and pull your time.

Enter custody in a daze. If naturally alert and responsive, resolve not to be; respond slowly and obviously to every situation you haven't cased. (You'll get by; the path you tread has been trod by morons.) Expect no friendship, trust nobody, expect no justice, resolve not to be indignant. As an alumnus of a Hitlerite prison advised me, "Remember in part of your mind that this is not to be taken seriously." Good advice.

Later, of course, you'll find that you do have friends, that your life does have pleasures, and that you know some situations where you can anticipate fairness. But you can recognize them and enjoy them only with a prison-oriented personality, even though a green one; your normal personality must stand aside. "Man, I'm not at all like this on the street," a long-time convict told me, "you'd meet me and not know me." Another said, "The way to make this time is to *ride* with it." Become not only a somewhat new man, but a duller one.

The numb approach is a good way to bear acute discomfort and frustration, when they come. Nobody can keep his teeth clenched against them for six months. But in federal prison today they come seldom. You have good chances of never being hit the whole time; I wasn't. You will probably be better fed than a full half of the world's population, sleep on a less primitive bed, and have a shorter and less onerous working day. Prison is not one of the heroic or ecstatic forms of martyrdom.

The numb approach is also a good way to *avoid* the acuter discomforts and frustrations by keeping you out of trouble in a situation and among people who are stranger than you at first appreciate. Above all, the numb approach is a good way to endure the usual unpleasantnesses of prison, which are not at all exciting.

What are they?

FIRST of all, prison is pretty dreary. You are deprived of many satisfactions: You can't enjoy a normal sex life, or fresh strawberries, or a glass of wine, or a reefer, or a necktie, or curtains. In the prisons I was in, you can't *legally* enjoy a cup of coffee in the evening, or six eggs per week, or a swim, or jingling coins, or betting on the fights. *Et cetera.* Some of these you might choose to forego when free, but taking all of them away leaves a life bleak to almost anybody's senses. (If, of course, you should do some of your time in "the hole," the deprivation will for that period go even further.)

One class of deprivation will chafe worst, if you're at all like me: You are deprived of the chance to make choices and make plans. Most obviously, you are not free to travel, or to vote. But it isn't only that some major options are taken away; even the trivial ones aren't sufficient to keep your decision-making faculty limbered up. You'll start scheming almost at once to be put in situations with alternatives. Thus I, who don't like sweatshirts and surely don't need to reduce, cherished my sweatshirt when one came my way and even wore it occasionally. Why? Because a few hours each day I could choose whether to wear it or not. It was the same with every optional item of clothing, though none was worth prizing in itself (except the farmers' straw hats, which still seem nifty in retrospect). Incarceration nurtures existentialism.

Second, you get out of touch while locked up. For men who pull *real* time (say, two years and up) without many visits, there's a danger of losing what we might call their street personality. The numb personality takes over. Indeed, this is part of the prescription for long-timers: "Forget about the street and your five years'll go like *that.*" But then — will it still be you who hit the street? I believe very many convicts, even short-termers, feel they are getting out of touch with themselves.

It is clear that many convicts objectively get out of touch with their free life. Their wives throw them over, or at least worry them ("Joe the Grinder has been in town," they get joshed, cruelly). Their friends drop out of sight, sometimes copping jointly owned cars. Their job hopes evaporate. These events are common and the suffering is not subtle.

Another unpleasantness of incarceration is the custodial officers—hacks to you. There are all kinds; the overtly and deliberately cruel ones are not preponderant; in general, hacks are no worse than convicts at the core. But they suffer from an occupational disease. Those who have been on the job a good many years, hearing a non-committal "Yes sir" from inmates all that time, have long since given up any attempts they ever made to be sensitive to an inmate's attitudes.

"You know, Davis, we had hundreds of those conscientious objectors in here during the war."

"Yes sir."

"Those guys aren't sincere, they don't mean that about conscience."

"Oh, really?"

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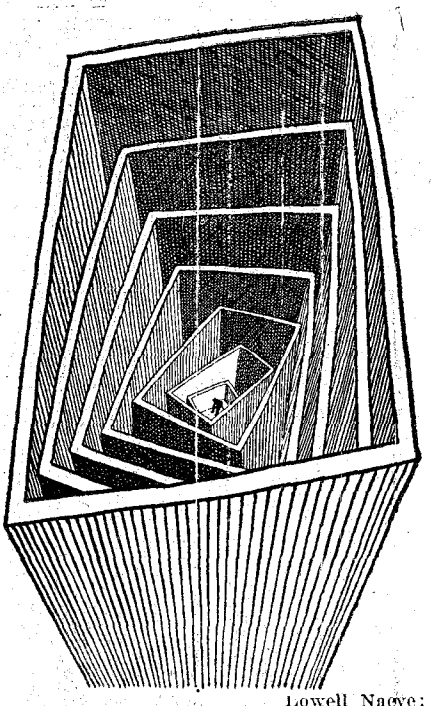

Lowell Nacve:
from "The Phantasies of a Prisoner"

"Naw. Or those that are sincere are crazy."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah, I mean they're always going on hunger strikes. Now what's the point of that? We just force-feed them."

"Yes sir."

This hack was neither venting spite against COs nor baiting me, he was just chatting. The occasion of the chat illustrates my point as well: he had found me in another inmate's cell; I had explained that the man (though not the authorities) had given me permission to be there because I had no quiet place of my own to study; I was manifestly studying; the hack, a kindly sort, did not discipline me—but did stay for over an hour of monologue.

This extreme indifference to convicts' attitudes has not congealed in the younger hacks, who also are better educated and have heard of "modern penology." A few, having had psychology in college, are resolved to have insight into their charges (even to the point of composing fanciful personality analyses of inmates they don't know). Don't take for granted that these younger hacks are easier to get along with. Whether due to the beginner's lack of confidence or not, they are more likely to surprise you with rigid insistence on a petty rule.

All hacks, young and old, are victims of the same lack of correctives from below. Inmate grievances rarely reach them and are more rarely taken seriously. And socializing with them is drastically inhibited by their great arbitrary power over you.

THE WORST annoyance of prison, I was told by a prison psychologist I met before I was locked up, would be having to live with the other prisoners. This I did not find.

I did time with Lloyd Barenblatt and Paul Rosenkrantz — friends of mine and like me First Amendment cases and academics — and with a few others whose offenses were in some sense political or conscientious. You may not be so fortunate. You will surely break bread with many a man you would not have expected to see across the table from you. "Let me tell you," bragged a grim-faced thug at lunch, "when they need somebody *really* tough to break a strike, they go to the ex-cons" — a spontaneous *esprit de corps*, in which he included us. From this you may visualize prisoners as a regiment of type-cast waterfront scabs with a place left in the ranks for you to fill, and you may worry. Actually it's not that bad.

Prisoners are astonishingly various. A hillbilly bootlegger is not the same as a Las Vegas gambler; a car thief is not the same as a stock manipulator. Even men convicted of the same offense are various. It seems that of the many disorders available to a civilized personality, fully as many will lead to federal prison as to a mental hospital.

In this hodge-podge, conformity can hardly be demanded. To some of the men you will look like quite an odd-ball, sure. Friendly wisecracking expresses it now and then:

[At the gym] "That's the way, Davis, you've developed the mind, now develop the body."

"Six months of *this*, for a principle? Brrr!"

"Send a carrier pigeon to Khrushchev to parachute us some machine guns, we're with you."

But while you look odd, they're mostly already resigned to pulling time in company with others fully as odd. They don't make a practice of beating the odd-ball into a form more familiar to them: because this the authorities punish with a week or so in the hole.

You'll have to beware, not of systematic bullying from fellow inmates, but of unpredictable outbursts. It is safer to be stigmatized as a Red or a professor, than it is to jostle a stranger in the chow line. Remember that no matter how irrational it would be for him to swing at you for jostling him, there are probably several men in the joint at any moment who are ready to commit just such an irrationality, and he may be one of them. If he swings at you, he'll take a trip to the hole, but so will you. Treat him a little warily.

In the same way, *you* will be treated a little warily by every wise con. It is said of the con-wise long-timer, "He is a gentleman. He may kill you, but he won't insult you." This is rhetorical; in fact he won't do either—except for that small but appreciable danger at any instant that he may, the next instant, become an unwise con.

ON THE whole, my friendships with the other inmates were the outstanding redeeming feature of my prison experience. There is lots of time for bull sessions. Locked into a bare hall —"day-room"—convicts pace up and down it in pairs, talking. Locked into separate cells, they converse in shouts. June evenings at Danbury, a conversation may last for twenty slow circuits of the compound (we figure five laps as a mile).

And the enemies of society are not a bad lot. You'll like them—some of them. Of course you'll find some so squalid morally that it's hard to offer them friendship, and others just persistent bores. But you expect these, and your prison patience equips you to put up with them.

What you might not expect if I didn't warn you is that many prisoners won't want to talk to you. Not frankly, at least.

Obvious cases: a fence whose business is kaput may prefer not to discuss the next business he intends setting up; a dope peddler may suppress, in his account of his case, the fact that he informed on his partners. Prisoners can conceal things

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like this—or anything else. Isolated from clothes, home and other identifying marks, they may prefer to fake a past. "My uncle offered me a place in his architectural firm to learn the business — that's how much he thought of me. Offered me a house in the suburbs and $10,000." If their crime was an inglorious one (e.g., stealing government pension checks), they may make up a more adventurous offense or just duck the subject. Their emotional lives may be the subject of maudlin fantasy, the imaginary wife-and-family-waiting being the most popular, rather than the imaginary broad-I-shacked-up-with-down-in-Pittsburgh. Now it is hard to get to know a man who is systematically lying to you; and as for the untrammeled liars, there is in some sense nothing there to know.

Of those prisoners who do talk frankly, most prefer small talk. They don't feel like forming friendships in the temporary and unpleasant prison community. Indeed it's bad form to act earnest about conversations or anything else within the walls; it may incur that most scornful prison comment, "He's found a home."

All in all, however fascinating it is to gab with the inmates, I must add this final item to my list of prison frustrations: Too much of your social life is trivial.

FOR ALL these reasons, incarceration is a way of life you won't relish.

But don't bother griping. The prison authorities, when they reflect on their purpose at all, quite likely consider that you are *supposed* to be unhappy—unless they are of the "modern" school, in which case quite likely their hands are already full offsetting the old-fashioned school. Each philosophy must allow that prison exists to do *something* for or to the convicts, but (I suppose because they seem to negate each other) neither philosophy is implemented in any consistent way. The philosophical void is filled by expediency. The prisons' dominant policy is to muddle through.

Examples:

Whether or not it is good for prisoners to be confined, or good for some and not for others, penologists may debate. But it was not their debates that got me the precious privilege of a month working on the prison farm, outside the walls. That was dictated by the needs of the farm. If I had had a crippled leg, or if I had had some skill the authorities needed inside the walls, like TV repair (teaching? But political prisoners just are not assigned to education), I would have taken no step outside for the greater part of my sentence.

Whether or not it is good for a man to be locked up alone all day may also be debatable. The hole *is* usually a deliberate punishment (even as such, though, you'd think they'd consider the great variation between men in how they react; and you'd think they'd strengthen the hole's deterrent value by publishing the offenses instead of leaving it to rumor). But you may also be locked up just because there's nothing else convenient to do with you. In my case—not at all extraordinary—the prison bus to transfer a group of us to our assigned institution wasn't ready to go for two weeks, which we spent closely confined indeed.

Thus concentrated doses of what the judge prescribed are administered without prescription.

Similarly with lack of responsibility. A few prisoners have plenty of responsibility, more than enough to please them. Not because it has been judged that this is what they need to fit them for a normal life, nor for any other penological reason; but because they're suitable and available to take responsibility for some prison department where the employee in charge feels overburdened.

Most glaring is the inconsistency in cutting off the inmate from the street. Some inmates get regular visits from relatives, while others who need just as badly this restorative to their street personalities, and who have families they are longing to see, can't. This is most often because the families just can't afford a trip of a hundred miles, or a thousand, or whatever. Why (suggested one veteran of four years) couldn't the government pay transportation expenses for some minimum number of visits to each inmate? Or if in its wisdom the Bureau of Prisons sees visits as unsalutary, why doesn't it forbid them to all inmates?

Again, the Bureau encourages inmates to have their wives or brothers line up post-release jobs for them and may even make parole contingent on having such a job. But then, since an inmate may not have any close relative willing or efficient enough, why doesn't the Bureau allow the inmate himself to write letters to prospective employers? It is especially the rootless young occasional thief who suffers from this proscription, and he is exactly the criminal whose future conduct would depend most, I'd think, on starting a regular job soon after release.

In prison, why not give skilled jobs like garage mechanic and steam-shovel operator, not to those who need the least instruction, but to those needing it most? Loyal noises are uttered about vocational training, but that's about all. The selection of men for a job is pretty haphazard.

I CAN'T restrain myself from mentioning the most miserable sham of all. It's the one event most directly aimed at influencing the convict's behavior after release: the Pre-Release Lecture.

The topics are the inevitable ones: readjusting to family and job, avoiding alcoholism, etc. But lectures! And lectures to audiences altogether mixed as to age, social class and offense! Whatever the lecturer said, it would be inapplicable to most of his listeners. Inevitably the lectures are dull. The universal recognition that the Pre-Release Lecture is *pro forma* only, is expressed most clearly by the way my alma mater selected those who were to hear it. By length of time remaining to serve? No. By fraction of sentence remaining to serve? By seriousness of expected readjustment difficulties? None of these—but by cell assignment. Thus most men were released having heard none, others a dozen or more.

But the time counts. Even the dullest hour is an hour, and after enough of them you're through.

What you've accomplished while *in* prison will be close to nothing. Still, you may have accomplished something just by going, if your offense was well chosen.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Science and Eternity

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SCIENTIST. By Ian G. Barbour. Association Press. 126 pp. $2.50.

SCIENCE PONDERS RELIGION. Edited by Harlow Shapley. Appleton-Century-Crofts. 320 pp. $5.

Carl Dreher

THE AUTHOR of the first of these volumes is chairman of the department of religion and associate professor of physics at Carleton College; hence he is a kind of liaison officer between the two camps. It was at Carleton that Thorstein Veblen received his early education. According to James Dorfman, in Veblen's day a Carleton instructor was deemed capable of teaching any subject as long as the "light of a godly example" was manifested in his life and work; one reverend gentleman, whose "consuming passion was to attain to Jesus Christ," did so by teaching chemistry, physics, mineralogy, philosophy and Biblical literature. In the perilous days of nuclear energy and intercontinental rockets, that quaint pietism is supplanted by a sophisticated approach to the question of science and religion which merits the attention of a wide range of readers.

Dr. Barbour's position is that of Reformed theology and liberal Protestantism. He stipulates at the outset that there are no Christian laws of science and that when the church tries to dictate specific conclusions to scientists it misapprehends its function. The calling of the scientist, as of every man, is to serve human need, seek truth, work for a better society and worship God. Except for the last, this creed is identical with that of the non-theistic progressive or humanist; thus progressive scientists, although they may not subscribe to denominational religion, can accompany Barbour in all amity. To add to the warmth of fellowship, liberal Protestantism acknowledges a debt to science, without which it could scarcely have reached its present position of influence among the Christian sects. "Theology, like science, grows and changes; it must not isolate itself from the new understanding of the world and of man."

Barbour, none the less, adheres to the Christian epic and quotes Richard Niebuhr's definition of revelation — "an intelligible event which makes all other events intelligible"; for him, the source of this clarification is Jesus Christ. One need not be a Christian to appreciate the Judeo-Christian virtues, any more than one needs to be a Marxist to appreciate the validity of Marx's insights. Among these virtues, in the present context, is an emphasis on ethical response to the total situation, which includes God, man and the scientific mission. So defined, the Christian social attitude is in opposition to that of non-theistic scientists like P. W. Bridgman, the Harvard Nobel laureate, who brusquely disavows responsibility for the social results of his work and regards as misguided the activities of even such a middle-of-the-road organization as the Federation of American Scientists. "If anybody should feel guilty," says Bridgman, "it's God, who put the facts there." Eugene Rabinowitch counters: "Does he [Bridgman] expect to find satisfaction, as he contemplates the radioactive ruins of Harvard Yard, in the thought that he, at least, has resisted all attempts to saddle him with a responsibility that was not his?" I suppose Rabinowitch reached his position by some other route than Barbour's, but they ended not far apart.

DR. BARBOUR is also a contributor to *Science Ponders Religion*, which in eighteen essays achieves a remarkably high density of ideas per page and includes some brilliant and original observations on the psychology of religion and of science, revised eschatology, comparative anthropology, nuclear-age ethics and related topics. The importance and ideological fertility of the subject, the eminence of the contributors, and the seasoned integrative powers of Dr. Shapley, all contribute to this success. Also contributing is the fact that, with one exception, these writers are among two hundred "explorers and analysts" who have met for a number of summers on Star Island off the coast of New Hampshire to "study man's place in space, time, and biological evolution; his meaning to the world and the world's meaning to him." They have thus achieved a certain unity amid the diversity of their thinking.

The general orientation of *Science Ponders Religion* is toward reconciliation of science and religion, the latter being construed as the totality of those organs and institutions which operate in what Paul Tillich calls the "areas of ultimate concern." Ralph W. Burhoe ("Salvation in the Twentieth Century") suggests that religion is to human culture what the neuroendocrine motivational centers are to the human body. Religion thus has the most difficult task of cultural and individual integration, and it is not surprising that it is the most susceptible to amorphous, inflated, unverifiable concepts, nor that it has often been at odds with scientific thought. Nor is it surprising that the dominant neuroses and obsessions of each era cluster around religious nuclei. Henry A. Murray ("Two Versions of Man") points out that the Hebraic-Christian story of creation (it seems to me that, symbolism or no, some of these writers deal with the persistence of this sort of nonsense much too gently) gives every evidence of pathological prejudice against women and sexuality. In place of the Christian father-son paradigm (with the mother-daughter relationship shoved aside) Murray proposes, as the third in a series of ten revisionist theses, the recognition of the primacy of erotic love. All of which does credit to his humanity and enlightenment, but some of his other formulations would seem to have a better chance.

Another constructive, but I fear improbable, proposal is for a religion in which, in effect, God is evolution, both cosmic and biological. One of the functions of every religion is to reconcile man to his transitory stay on earth, usually by promising that, despite all appearances, he will survive as an individual in some form and place. A correlated solace is that, since all experience teaches that virtue is its own reward and is in no wise related to the security, power and gratification which fall to a human being's lot, justice shall prevail in the hereafter. Unhappily, as Veblen pointed out in the chapter on "Salesmanship and the Churches" in *Absentee Ownership and Business Enterprise*, these guarantees are quite without substantiation; consequently all cultures — Moslem, Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian, as well as Christian — suffer from an erosion of faith as scientific attitudes develop.

In the cosmic religion, man is urged to reconcile himself to somatic death as "a necessary element in the development of any genotype" — a link in the evolutionary chain. The body, in an infinite series of individual life-experi-

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ments, makes its small, transitory, but essential contribution — both genetic and cultural — to the future of the race. To identify oneself with the process which subsumes the solitary life-experiments under the great evolutionary experiment is certainly a noble aspiration, but the chances are that a religion so framed will not take hold. Not now, at any rate. The strength of the traditional religions has resided precisely in the comforting rituals and illusions they have fostered. Edwin C. Kemble ("Faith and the Teaching of Science") makes the point: "To those who envisage religion as the life of God in the soul of man, to those whose lives have experienced an added dimension through prayer, a purely humanistic religion is no religion at all."

SCIENTISTS and scholars cannot have a religion of their own, other than that implied in their dedication to their tasks. Nor, in general, will the orthodox religions appeal to their habits of thought. I suspect that on the part of many scientists the return to God, insofar as it exists at all, is largely a matter of convention, convenience and child-rearing. Nor do I agree with those contributors to *Science Ponders Religion* who feel that a modern, evolutionary religion might have wide appeal because of its scientific sanctions. The witty and experienced R. W. Gerard ("Comments on Religion in an Age of Science") disposes of this handily: "I do not think the great bulk of the people will accept the austerity of a rational religion any more than they will accept the austerity of science. This is not the age of science . . . it is the age of scientific techniques, of scientific results, but not of scientific attitudes."

I think, also, that somewhat more caution is called for in religious commitment on the part of scientists than these contributors show. Every position has its consequences and, just as the agnostic must take some responsibility for agnosticism in its various shades and even for atheism, enlightened believers cannot wash their hands of the fundamentalists and authoritarians who preach the gospel according to their lights. We have seen in the past the fearful potentialities implicit in a concept of righteousness supported by a deity whom men are free to create in the image of their own malevolence. The modernist God competes, for the most part at a disadvantage, with a God whose vicars, had they the power, would not hesitate to repeat the oppressions recounted in Andrew Dickson White's monumental history of the *Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*. The Scopes trial, after all, took place only thirty-five years ago. Still another caution signal is the continuing use of religion for political purposes. While Senator Joe McCarthy was conducting his inquisitions, Senator Stuart Symington's unctuous question to every hapless witness was: "Do you believe in God?" And in a case now before the United States Supreme Court, the State of Maryland is defending its right to bar from public office anyone who does not so believe.

Nor is it an accident that some of the chief fomenters of World War III are ecclesiastics. Pascal said: "Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction." But it is also striking that Kemble who, with Barbour, is perhaps the only irrevocably committed Christian among these writers, is also the only one who comes to the crux of the matter. Trying to give humanistic, materialist, naturalistic, evolutionary religions their due, Kemble concedes that the churches of such religions would be uninhibited and "could make most effective war on the lies and half-truths that so often becloud the American political atmosphere." In this area the adherents of the emerging science-oriented churches, and men of good will with minds of their own in the orthodox churches, and agnostics and freethinkers as well, can find common ground. Whether we regard God as the impersonal guide of the evolutionary process or a Someone with whom we can communicate in prayer, if He exists and if the human race is as important to Him as the devout believe, surely He cannot regard its possible extermination with indifference. Nor can we, as members of the human continuum, so regard it. There is, then, a most urgent and desperate need for an alliance of the undogmatic clergy and their flocks, and scientists and other intellectuals, against war-serving science and religion, which in their present united front constitute the most malignant form of atheism.

Prima Donna of the Cold War

GERMANY DIVIDED: The Legacy of the Nazi Era. By Terence Prittie. Little, Brown & Co. 381 pp. $5.75.

Heinz Pol

THE BERLIN question and the future of the two separate German states once again occupy a dominant role in world politics. Soon there may be another Summit or near-Summit conference on the subject. In truth, we seem to be stuck with Germany as a political prima donna as long as the cold war rages. Therefore, almost any book about Germany, no matter what it deals with, is by definition timely.

Terence Prittie, who has lived in Germany during the major part of the postwar years and who has acquired first-hand knowledge of both the West German Federal Republic and the East German Democratic Republic, is a British newspaper man of distinction. For a long time he headed the German bureau of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Here he gives an informed and in many respects brilliant picture of a country which has undergone more changes than any other in our time. In less than two generations the Germans have been regarded both as archenemies and misunderstood infant prodigies. They were anathematized as criminal barbarians, only to turn almost overnight into the admired creators of a Volkswagen culture destined to conquer the world, peacefully and lucratively.

Prittie's position on this history is a curious one. His abundant material on various aspects of life in contemporary Germany, West and East, weighs heavily as negative evidence. If he had just given the facts as he has seen and heard them, his presentation would be an indictment of a flimsy democracy, behind whose façade all the old evils of German nationalism and fanaticism are impatiently waiting for the "Hour." However, Prittie's comments and conclusions often differ from his observations. The good and hopeful things, though less frequently encountered, seem to him far more important. So much is this so that some chapters, otherwise full of gloomy forebodings, end abruptly on a note of almost irrational optimism. It is as if he were saying: One cannot trust the Germans because they do not change; however, there are some decent Germans, and therefore German democracy will blossom.

His most significant conclusion is that the rearmament of the Federal Republic is a good thing because it strengthens the moral and material power of the Western Allies. To be sure, Prittie has seen enough to hesitate vaguely and to offer some counter-evidence on the wis-

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dom of rearming Germany. But in the end he welcomes it. And anyone even slightly familiar with the recent history of Germany, and with the attitude of the Western Allies toward their former enemy, can understand why Terence Prittie (together with many other writers in the United States, England and France) has grown really schizophrenic about the subject; why he ends his observations on Germany with twisted exclamations and question marks.

FOR no one who fails to recognize that the cardinal sin committed by the restorers of Germany was remilitarization can understand what has happened. The mass of Germans became confused, and remain confused, by the sudden switch from the disgrace of being called war criminals to the honor of being received as the most cherished of allies. And many of them have become more cynical about the moral values of Western democracy than Terence Prittie cares or dares to say.

If one condemns German militarism as a principal source of two world wars within two generations, how then should an open-minded and willing-to-learn young German understand why Washington is so eager to put the German general Heusinger (who quite faithfully served Hitler) at the head of the military organization of NATO? Can a nation that for generations has adored its own military might change overnight into a people that accepts seriously the new role assigned to it—to be a faithful member of a community of nations?

"The Germans," Terence Prittie remarks rather ponderously, "are notoriously slow to change their views." And nowhere in his book is there evidence of a change of mind that is more than skin-deep. Prittie belongs to that bizarre school of thinkers which maintains that a rearmed Germany can never again dominate Europe or the world. But isn't it a fact that Germany's remilitarization — with the approval, with even the prompting, of Washington — has gone much further than was originally stipulated? Only recently, the new German fleet was allowed to build warships double the size at first allotted to her. The German Army already uses certain types of nuclear weapons and the numerical strength of the German Army gives her first rank within the framework of NATO, especially since France has diverted many of her divisions to Algiers. The speed with which the present Minister of Defense, Strauss, pursues the build-up and expansion of a new streamlined *Bundeswehr* enhances its leading role from day to day. Few military experts in Washington, London, Paris, or Bonn now doubt that within a few years NATO will be completely dominated by German military planning and acting.

Is this course of events dangerous? Prittie, whose political and ideological views are close to certain British liberal conservatives (he praises Macmillan's German policy and blames the Labour Party for all possible mistakes in this regard) quite unashamedly considers the possibility that the new German Army may become the most valuable ally in any future crusade against the USSR and communism. How else can one interpret the following passage?

> A new German army, backed by the Western powers, could, with time, become an immensely greater danger to Russia than Hitler's horde. For one reason, the combination of American technical genius and German basic fighting ability is the only one which the Soviet Union has cause to fear. For another, this combination would bring the creed of democratic freedom in its train. . . . One German ex-officer once told me how two Russians whom he took prisoner in the Ukraine remained with him as camp-followers and servants. Both of them were ready to fight for him against their own countrymen. One of them saved his life. "All they required," he told me, "was decent, just treatment. If Hitler's policy, too, had been based on this, nothing could have stopped Nazi Germany from liquidating the Soviet Union and destroying Communism." I believe him.

The idea seems to be that next time the German Occupation Army, closely allied with forces from the United States and probably Great Britain, will convert every Red into a genuine Bonn Democrat. If one has illusions like that, it is quite impossible to gain a clear picture of present-day Germany, and even less of her future.

Nowhere does Prittie touch on the one really crucial question of Germany's rearmament: Since Eastern Germany, as Prittie vividly describes, has rearmed at least as much as the Western part, how does he visualize an armed conflict in which two German armies are supposed or ordered to annihilate each other? How do the Germans themselves visualize it? Is not the uncertainty about the final attitude a factor which may be decisive in any real conflict between East and West? In fact, the problem remains less a divided Germany than the future of two rearmed Germanys.

It would be unfair to overlook the fact that in other areas Prittie reveals a more discerning mind. He remains rather skeptical when he examines the underlying causes of Germany's miraculous recovery and the people behind it. But the discouraging truth about this exhaustive study is that the author's factual observations do not jibe with his wishful judgment. Prittie, in spite of fears and reservations, is hopeful that Germany will go along the path the Allies have pointed out for her. His own evidence, accumulated over the years, makes the reader doubtful.

'Mobile Magic'

EDWIN FORREST: First Star of the American Stage. By Richard Moody. Alfred A. Knopf. 416 pp. $6.95.

Mina Curtiss

DEAD actors and actresses surely are deader, more difficult to bring to life in a biography, than other public personages. The spell they exert in their prime evaporates with the years, and even while they still live in retirement, few of their admirers can effectively evoke their stage presence, their personalities as actors. Sothern and Marlowe as Romeo and Juliet; Walter Hampden in *The Servant in the House*; Forbes-Robertson in *Hamlet* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*; Eleanor Robson in *Merely Mary Ann*; Maude Adams in *Peter Pan* — what words could I use to catch the interest, to kindle the imagination of today's generation about these heroes and heroines of my youth? And how much more difficult it is to see, on stage, great artists, long dead. What specifically was the impact of Rachel in *Phèdre*, Bernhardt as "La Tosca" or "La princesse lointaine"? Their charm, their temperament, the idiosyncracies of their private lives come down to us well enough. But what voice, what gestures, what techniques brought them supremacy and world-wide fame? Edwin Forrest, on the other hand, long forgotten, and of no previous interest to me, I can picture almost as vividly as though I had seen him in the flesh.

In his biography, *Edwin Forrest: First Star of the American Stage*, Richard Moody has accomplished an extraordinary feat. Not only does he project Forrest, whose "mobile magic" made him the most popular actor in America for almost fifty years until his death in

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1866; he also brings to life the man, the passionate patriot who first encouraged American playwrights but who also had a passion for making money; the egoist, the tyrant in private life among whose favorite roles were Metamora, an Indian chief fighting for freedom, and the gladiator, Spartacus. Mr. Moody's account of Forrest's fantastic divorce case which was in the courts for years should be of as much interest to lawyers as to gossip-column enthusiasts. Yet never, in spite of his detailed account of Forrest both as man and as actor, does the author forget the importance of the background against which Forrest played. His account of conditions in the American theatre throughout the growing continent during the first half of the nineteenth century is as illuminating as it is discerning.

Edwin Forrest: First Star of the American Stage is an outstanding example of American scholarship at its best. Basing his biography on the most exhaustive research, using documentary evidence throughout, Mr. Moody is never academic, never forgets his reader. There is only one flaw in this book. The style, while always workmanlike and adequate, is never distinguished. The occasional use of modern slang or popular speech wrenches the reader back into the present. But this is a very minor fault in a book that explores and makes concrete the most evanescent of magics.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

CONSIDERING the difficulties with which American musicians are faced on most fronts, it is encouraging to see that our young pianists are finally getting the attention they deserve. It is coming to them for some of the wrong reasons, and their acceptance or rejection by the public and by management still hinges too much on the winning of contests. An ugly element of feverish competition has thus been injected into our cultural life, where competition does not belong. It has already had a deforming effect on the personalities of some of our young musicians and, in the long run, can do serious damage. But unless something drastically changes the music business in the United States, this situation is not likely to change. Managements, since Van Cliburn's contest-success in Moscow, see even more clearly the wisdom of having somebody else discover talent, stamp it with official approval and publicize it. As long as the method pays, they will use it.

At the same time, there is much good in the picture. American pianists have become important to the public. When Cliburn plays at Carnegie Hall, for instance, traffic is blocked for a half-mile in every direction. Indeed, it sometimes seems to me that audiences have gone gaga for the piano. But if this attitude spreads to other musical areas, we will be in a most fruitful period.

I HAVE recently received recordings by three young American pianists, Van Cliburn, Gary Graffman, Malcolm Frager; and two by the young Canadian, Glenn Gould. Though records tend to standardize playing into an illusory, surface perfection, it is still possible to make some interesting observations about these musicians. They are all, to begin with, first rate: professional to an ultimate degree, sensitive, aware and intelligent. Since Cliburn's performance of the Schumann A Minor Concerto, with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, is one of the best of the lot, I shall begin on that happy note.

Cliburn seems to be undergoing the musical maturation so many people feared he would not experience. Until now, I have not been one of his enthusiasts. His performances of the Rachmaninoff Third and the Tchaikovsky concertos, while technically perfect and even occasionally brilliant, seemed rather neutral in expressive tone. But this Schumann performance is something else. It has weight and substance such as I have not heard before in his playing, and these bespeak an involvement of emotions and human experience as well as of mind, fingers and nerves. (RCA Victor LM-2455.)

Gary Graffman's performance of the Beethoven Concerto No. 3, though not as glowing as Cliburn's, is the work of a solid, well-founded musician. It is sober, as befits the music, and devotes itself largely to stable, inner values. In the slow movement (a test for any pianist), and in the third, Graffman does not always project as dynamically as he might. After a poetic beginning, a certain loss of interpretive conviction sets in, coming and going from passage to passage. The third movement is a little stolid. Here, a bit of daring is required, and until the end of the movement, Graffman chooses a careful path. Nevertheless, this is a satisfying performance, and one that should stand the test of time. Walter Hendl accompanies with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. (RCA Victor LM-2396.)

Malcolm Frager, 1960 winner of the Queen Elizabeth of Belgium Prize, has been presented by RCA Victor in his

LONELY, HUNGRY, COLD...

Jong Sook lives with her grandmother in a tent. The grandmother peddles soup. She earns enough for one meal a day for herself and Jong Sook. Jong Sook dreams of school but her grandmother cannot afford the small school fees.

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first recording, of the Prokofieff Concerto No. 2 and the Haydn Sonata No. 35 in E-flat. His performance of the Prokofieff is very attractive: intelligent, jaunty and smoothly brilliant. Here and there, after several hearings, a slight lack of ripening becomes noticeable in Frager's interpretation, an edge of frailness where muscularity is required. He produces a handsome tone, however; the slenderness is in conception, not physical force. At the same time, Frager's style of playing brings a kind of fetching lyricism to certain melodic passages, and the enthusiasm of his fingers in the second movement is charming.

In the Haydn Sonata, however, the young pianist appears to poor advantage: he is playing the piano, not the music. There is really no interpretation or insight at all, so that a perfectly good classical sonata emerges as a slightly inane finger exercise. It might save embarrassment if someone would rule that no pianist may play Haydn until he is ten or fifteen years away from his studies. (RCA Victor LM-2465.)

GLENN GOULD remains the most arresting figure among the younger pianists. If his personal eccentricities sometimes carry over into his playing, he nevertheless generates more musical excitement than most of his colleagues. His performance of the Beethoven First Piano Concerto with Vladimir Golschmann conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra is a case in point. The first movement is tensile, convinced and full of vigor, with contrapuntal passages played in a lithe, revelatory manner. The second movement sings, despite Gould's rather brittle tone. The third, however, is hurried. Losing control of himself, Gould occasionally passes over into mere silliness and thumping. Nevertheless, the performance is so consistently dynamic that you can excuse its few excesses, and the wrong-headed cadenzas Gould composed for the first and last movements.

In the Bach Concerto No. 5, on the same disk, Gould revels in pleasure. Leaping into the midst of melodies and countermelodies, he articulates every phrase with such zest and conviction that the piece all but lights up in neon (Columbia ML-5298).

On another Columbia issue, Gould recorded the Bach "Italian" Concerto and the Partitas No. 1 in B-flat Major and No. 2 in C Minor. Here again, the performances are so imbued with conviction that a few oddities have to be accepted as a part of the picture. In the second movement of the concerto, for instance, a recurrent motif is played with a tone so dry that it hardly sounds as if it came from a piano. At first, this strikes the ear as outlandish. But when Gould's over-all interpretive plan reveals itself, it ceases to bother. This illustrates one of the young Canadian's strongest assets. By the sheer force of personality, he can convince the listener of the correctness of some very odd ideas. (He sings as he plays, by the way. His voice can be heard occasionally on these recordings.) (Columbia ML-5472.)

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ART

Fairfield Porter

THE FIRST major retrospective exhibition of the work of Whistler to be held anywhere since 1905 is on view at Knoedler's. It was organized by the Arts Council of Great Britain and the English-Speaking Union of the United States. It shows the true range of his work in all mediums, including the huge portrait of Carlyle; opalescent seascapes; an early use of drip in *Arrangement in Yellow and Grey: Effie Deans*, from Amsterdam; Japanese-influenced decorations, and the famous Nocturne that caused the law suit against Ruskin.

Whistler was born in Massachusetts in 1834, and educated from the age of eight to fifteen at St. Petersburg, where his father was an engineer in charge of the construction of the Petersburg-Moscow railroad. After 1855, he never returned to his native country. Though Courbet praised his early work, he repudiated realism. He thought art should stand alone, and appeal to the aesthetic sense "without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it." His expatriate status and individualism are partly accountable to the American prejudice against art, as decadent, like the similar prejudice against bathing which, until the Madison administration, was considered one of the causes of the fall of Rome. The English of that time thought of painting as an art of second-class countries whose cultures had succumbed to British domination over international trade. In England, Whistler's work also countered the current of Ruskin's identification of aesthetics with morality. The only place for him was in the *avant-garde*, in which he served as a link between London and Paris. Monet introduced him to Mallarmé, and an intimate friendship developed between them.

Like Mallarmé's swan, he is commited to the ivory tower, "immobilized in useless exile in the cold dream of disdain." But as the swan could not shake off "the horror of the soil in which his plumage was caught," so Whistler remained caught in his Americanism. His painting can seem as feathery as James's writing seemed to Whitman. Along with its large, simple arrangement, there is a thinness of substance and texture in the portrait of Carlyle, as if painting expressed not the wall, but the canvas. Whistler's favorite word, arrangement, describes an external quality of form. He could not shake off the American prejudice against art as slight and peripheral. Defiantly, almost petulantly, he accepted this idea. He chose art against engineering, for which he had talent, and slight or not, art was what he gave his loyalty to.

The art he asserted had the grace of integrity because it left out everything foreign to it and against it. It left out emotion and morality: its integrity made it shallow. His paintings are beautifully constructed boxes in which a few jewels rattle around. Eakins thought Whistler's way of painting cowardly. But Eakins gave up praise for the illusion that what is true is beautiful; and it is doubtful who was braver. Whistler let no idea come between him and his skill.

GRACE as the essence of artistic form shows in another way in two exhibitions of Berthe Morisot: one, of her paintings, at Wildenstein's, for the benefit of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children; the other, of pastels, water colors and drawings, at the Slatkin Gallery. Berthe Morisot was born in 1841, and she too was a friend of Mallarmé. Her paintings are even

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more feathery than Whistler's, but her grace came from inside. There was no conflict between reality and ideality in the French bourgeois society of which she was a part. Morisot's range was narrow, but her views of art and the meaning of life do not conflict. She needed neither to arrange nor to organize. The singleness of her sensibility was selective, and saw what it saw as pleasurable, rather than good, right, aesthetic, or the reverse of these. Morisot's art celebrates. Her women and children and occasional men melt into the foliage, and her color became more and more a cool bluish-green and white. The stroke is crisp without sharpness, creating a tactile continuum like petals falling from overblown peonies. She loves, but in proportion, and she is perceptive without malice. She has the inner grace natural to someone gracefully brought up. Her world is like the world of Buddha's childhood, but it extends outside the palace garden, where a relatively successful society blurs the difference between work and play.

THERE ARE a number of portraits and one landscape by Lovis Corinth at the Frumkin Gallery. The landscape is like both Courbet and Soutine. Corinth was born in East Prussia in 1858, the year Whistler met Courbet, and saw his first Japanese prints. Corinth was one of the fathers of German Expressionism. The German Expressionists valued French Impressionism for its unprecedentedness and revolutionary glamour. As Prussian militarism rated the world outside Germany as organically real and very strong, calling for an immense native effort, so Corinth's military grace forcefully expresses the impact of the outside world. Corinth's portraits are usually larger and more sparkling than life, and they burst eccentrically from the bounds of the canvas. The art of the Expressionists of the Weimar Republic, retaining the largeness and oddness of Expressionism, had, like German militarism after 1919, lost an inner conviction. But Corinth's art kept this conviction, and his sense of the intense psychological reality of the subject even increased. This exhibition represents him at his best.

It is a mistake to think of Expressionism as expressing the artist. Rather, it expresses an overestimation of objective reality. Corinth is like someone who gathers together all his strength to cope with a situation calling for heroism. But the other Expressionists used heroism where it was not called for, and their eccentricity was an overcompensation for inner doubt.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THOUGH Tennessee Williams' comedy *Period of Adjustment* (Helen Hayes Theatre) is the lightest and slightest of his plays, it is the only one that ever puzzled me. It is, if you like, unpretentiously entertaining—it offers a fair number of laughs—but if you get down to reviewing its story you are in for a surprise. Not that there is very little there, but that what is there is hardly funny at all. In fact what one finds is something disturbingly ambiguous, not quite "straight."

There are two couples. Ralph Bates, a simple fellow, marries his boss's daughter hoping to become heir to a good business. The girl is plain and though Ralph finds he can respect her, he is not at all in love with her. When Bates one day resigns his job out of disgust with its dreariness and his father-in-law's pettiness, his wife walks out on him.

At this juncture in comes Isabel Haverstick, newly married wife of Bates's old war buddy (they were both heroes), who is all jittery because on the previous wedding night she was frightened into frigidity by her husband's uncouth behavior. Now it seems that George Haverstick has dumped her in Bates's suburban house and driven off, never to return. Bates is a kindly, understanding sort of guy and he tells the "abandoned" wife that her little trouble with George simply marks a "period of adjustment." Shortly thereafter, George shows up, bearing a bottle of champagne.

What emerges from the various explanations is that George is seriously neurotic. (He met his wife in a hospital where she was a nurse and he a patient being treated for periodic attacks of the "shakes.") We learn from Ralph that George, while boastful of his sexual prowess, is actually terrified of sexual contact because he is at once overexcited, overanxious and finally almost totally inactive. His wife might have behaved more helpfully, but she is a slightly goofy girl who has been pampered by an oversolicitous father.

Bates's wife returns to him, realizing she loves her husband ardently, though before her marriage everyone considered her abnormally "cold." He, on the other hand, after having confessed that he has never been in love with her, is prepared once more to go to bed with her in peace and pleasure. He declares his intention, moreover, to form a partnership with his buddy George on a ranch in Texas where they will settle down to raise long-horned cattle to be used in Western television shows! George, having been "psychoanalyzed" by his friend, may now go to bed with his own sweet wife in some hope of conjugal bliss.

These characters seem to be related to nothing but their immediate sex problems. They all seem to be persons of subnormal intelligence—which I presume is supposed to indicate that they are nice average Americans. In effect, what we are being told in a semi-jocular manner—the play is brightly written with

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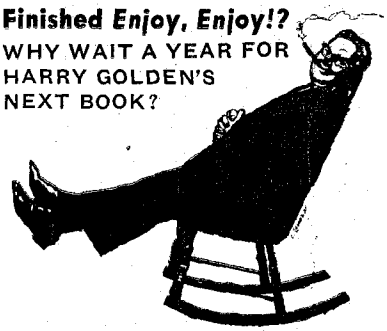

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that fluent command of the American idiom which is one of Williams' happiest assets—is that a great many American males are castrated by conformity, while others are sex-crazy to the point of ineffectuality, or sex-crazy because they are ineffectual. The females of the species, to complete the diagnosis, are near-idiots because they are victims of either callous or overfond fathers.

Are we really like that? I am not prepared to argue the point either way. But the tone of Williams' play leaves me in some doubt as to his attitude toward his people and toward his implied thesis. If the play is a piece of sexual-social satire on the average American citizen, it is hardly very funny. Or are we to toss the whole matter off as a sort of superior sex joke? May it not be that Williams is kidding, saying to himself: "I will write a jolly little play—instead of a sadistic masochistic one, which always seems to shock the squeamish—a comedy in which I will show what jerks most of you in the audience are, and you will all lick your chops over it while you patronize the characters (who are really yourselves) for their darling obtuseness. At the same time you will all be grateful to me for having at last produced a fun show without complications."

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December Night

The world is rising into hanging snow
As I stand in the park. The winter sky
Unfolds upon us; one more evening dies
And fades to twilight, drifting in its flow.
Now in downy darkness one will know
How soundlessly the muffled woodlands rise;
Branches disappear in a white sigh;
The silence falls that is the hush of snow.

O soft annihilation: if it clears
The night will shine too terribly, too far
And leave me standing in my midnight fear
With thoughts of movement where Orion towers
As if some early ignorance drew near
Before its shrunken time was bent by stars.

DAVID ROSS

The recurrent symbol of the play is the house in which the play takes place—a house built over a hollow into which the inhabitants know they may eventually sink. Does this signify that they—or we—are living with "no foundation all the way down the line," the hollow being the emptiness of our lives and the abyss in which we are likely to perish?

The play is well cast and directed in so hectic a tempo that its ambiguity remains unremedied without being immediately noticeable. Barbara Baxley as Mrs. Haverstick in a comedy character fashion and Rosemary Murphy as Mrs. Bates in a vein of delicate pathos are very good, while James Daly and Robert Webber are more than competent.

PERHAPS *The Moon Is Blue* is, after all, one of the classics of our theatre: so many people seem bent on duplicating its success. That was a play in which—if I remember correctly—the suspense element hung on the question of how long Barbara Bel Geddes intended to remain a virgin. In *Under the Yum-Yum Tree* by Lawrence Roman (Henry Miller's), the problem is whether or not pretty Sandra Church should allow herself to be deflowered before or after the marriage ceremony. I have never been able to work up any interest in any aspect of this problem—not even why it is supposed to be so all-fired funny. (Do such plays prove Williams' point?) What I remember of *The Moon Is Blue* (if comparisons are in order, it was much better than *Yum-Yum*) is the question Barbara Bel Geddes asked: "Wouldn't you rather have me preoccupied with sex than occupied with it?"—to which then and now my response would be a vociferous "No!" Once again the cast is very nice and Gig Young as a compulsive rake is deft and disarming.

ADVISE AND CONSENT (Cort) is a play by Loring Mandel, based on Allen Drury's novel of the same name, which I have not read. The play has been criticized, I believe, on the ground that it is anti-liberal; I did not find it so. It is in favor of honesty rather than party loyalty and the chicanery of expedience. It takes place in Washington and is supposed to relate specifically to American politics. I have never heard of politics anywhere in the world at any time which was not run to a greater or lesser degree on expediency, trickery and chicanery.

The play works up a degree of tension—there are a few smart lines—and I must say I listened for awhile with a certain amount of expectation. But the characters, as written and cast, strain credulity and the events themselves seem closer to magazine and movie fiction than to documentation. Nor could I find any political relevance in it anywhere. And I am getting sick and tired of the stage gimmick which shows the blackmailing of an admired figure on the ground that he was once implicated in a homosexual pass. The device is shabby enough, but the strained, pained, long confession of the accused man to his loyal wife is embarrassingly false. No one nowadays on either side of the stage can take seriously the presentation of this sort of thing in terms of hushed agony and a sense of "daring."

The setting by Rouben Ter-Artunian (black moving panels, a minimum of props against a neutral background) is ably designed for the television-reportage nature of the script and direction. Henry Jones as a crusty Southern conservative Senator is elaborately clever. Ed Begley is relaxingly straightforward as an honest politician and Woodrow Parfrey is really interesting in the small part of an unstable witness who happens to be telling the truth.

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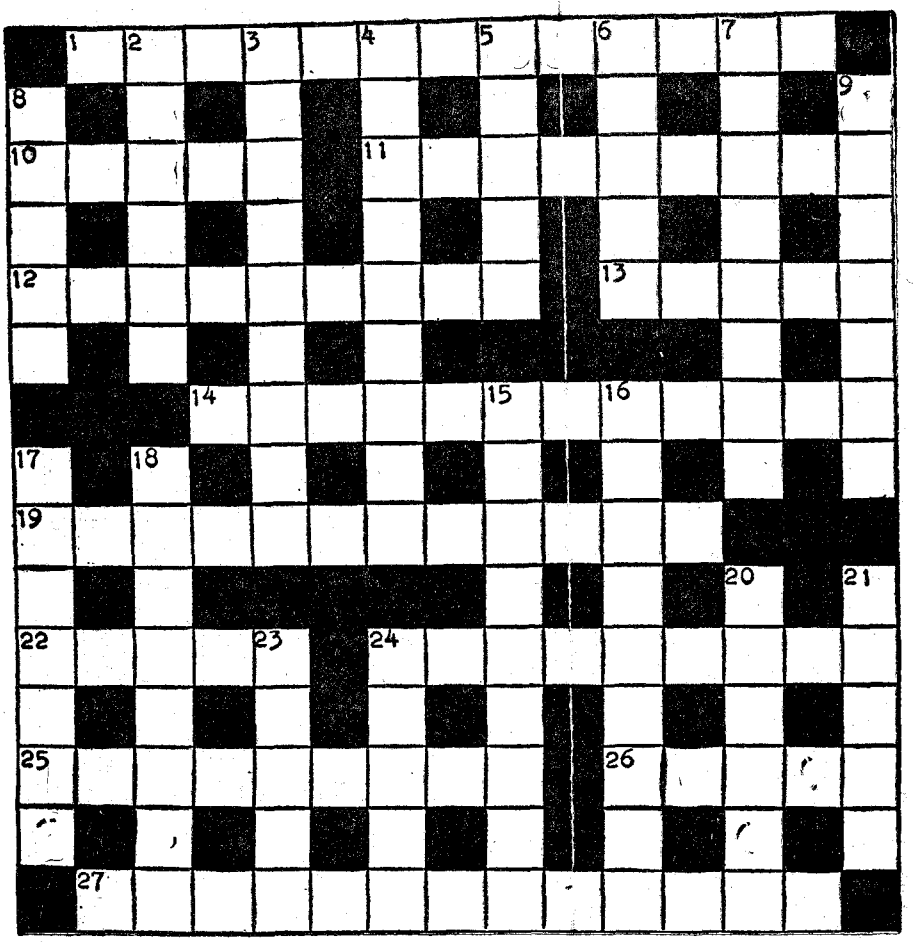
Crossword Puzzle No. 892

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Jaguar, perhaps, and other tamed animals with Willie, which doesn't completely replace a vacuum. (6, 7)
10 Used to be associated with a certain amount of forgery. (5)
11 One might find a tire much different, with this type of swelling. (9)
12 A composer is about to pull an article right off the rack! (4, 5)
13 Might be fashioned from trees without much trimming. (5)
14 See 17 down
19 Going out in this condition? (12)
22 If you find a drink settling, this might be expected. (5)
24 Men turn it into food, naturally! (9)
25 Not quite the right lacings to make, considering our former station. (9)
26 A sort of KNO3 with no active properties. (5)
27 Even in the Scales of Justice total comparison is involved. (5, 8)

DOWN:

2 Marked by an arrival just before Christmas. (6)
3 Shaw said this sort of instinct in America is volcanic. (9)
4 Toss more than half of 1 across on the floor. (5, 4)
5 Shot, but not when little? (It's a movement associated with some dealers.) (5)
6 A word for the gallant, with no cause for annoyance. (5)
7 One way to make heads uneasy, by implication. (8)
8 Machine made by both the French and the English. (5)
9 Although the beginning is of little account, it might go to seed, as one gives in. (7)
15 Descriptive of the perfect match. (9)
16 I can act it in the role of an operations man. (9)
17 and 14 across Homer must have been at times, to those who knew him. (7, 12)
18 Does he find his work taxing, in a way? (8)
20 Hero worship? (6)
21 The one of gas might be 26. (5)
23 The flow of battle? (5)
24 In Palestine, be generally on the uptake, as a start. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 891

ACROSS: 1 Basketwork; 10 and 13 Conning tower; 11 Undergo; 12 First aid; 15 Rigor; 17 Geometric; 19 Blockades; 21 Salvo; 23 Eaten; 24 Searched; 27 Lamella; 28 Lanyard; 30 Loss leader. DOWN: 1 and 6 Backstop; 2 and 29 Sinking fund; 3 Exists; 4 Wigwagged; 5 Round; 7 Thrower; 8 Protractor; 9 Editress; 14 Treble clef; 16 Rekindle; 18 Obstacles; 20 Ottoman; 22 Leeward; 24 Shako; 25 Canoe; 26 Odor.

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